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Title: This Immortal Coil

Author: Amon Amarth

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Until the ends of time. Ost nagramee ramen. Till night doth come. Rieme let droh x'hum. And sweer darkness takes all.

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This

**Immortal** 

Coil

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Death is but a stepping over, a passage through the Shroud. The moment of death is a rite of passage marking the end of one journey and the beginning of another, a path available to us at any time

The thousands of things undone, the millions of roads not traveled, the logings and regrets; they do not die with the body. Instead they linger on and make a life of their own. They become ghosts. They become shadows.

Trapped between this world and the next, we are lost in the immortal gloom of damnation. Held together out of pure misery, they are trapped by their past, their longings and their fear.

Many are the products of sudden, violent or cruel deaths. They are bound by a sense of crucial deeds undone, of unsaid words breaking in their hearts, of a life cut short by Fate. Others are consumed by tragic longing for happiness and fulfillment denied them in life. A few are driven by bitterness, anger or passionate ideals.

They all have some essence of meaning left to express or excise. All existence is expression, expecially in the Underworld, and the dead fight to survive. Climbing to whatever shreds of memory and passion they have left, they build castles out of flotsam in the attempt to keep the foul waters of Oblivion out. They are hermits and artisans, forever polishing memories until purity exerts its own small resistance against the force of entropy.

Transcendence of any sort requires passage into the Void, the very heart of OBLIVION. The inner darkness of the shadow must be embraced, nihilism denied, fear spurned and passion embraced. The past must be abandoned; the futur

must unfold. Those who do not do not grow. who cannot overcome pain, who do not feel, or who do not exalt in their own existence despite the fear are swallowed whole by the Darkness.

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